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September 30, 1962 - Sunday

All signals were shifted yesterday. Instead of Newport, I was invited to lunch with the President in Washington.

Stirred early at the Brook. Under the present Spartan regime, a card warns that the dining room is not open for breakfast on Saturday and Sunday, but upon application to the kitchen one can have tea or coffee, orange juice, toast and jam, and one boiled egg--not bad, though to some of the octogenarian members, an innovation portending doom.

I went to Dean Rusk's apartment at the Waldorf Towers at 10:15. I must say I was pleased to find the Secretary of State, usually condemned to below the salt lodgings, properly housed.

He, Virginia Rusk, and I drove out to La Guardia Maine Airport, where we were joined by Alec Home, David Gore, and John Russell. John is on his last public relations assignment; he leaves next week to become British Ambassador to Abyssinia.

Some useful talk enroute to Washington about Berlin and Africa. We arrived at the White House, were greeted by the President, photographs were snapped.

I wandered through several rooms. The place has been revolutionized by Jackie Kennedy. It is charming, and there are many beautiful, interesting objets d'art.

Our lunch was in consonance with the furnishings; excellent food and three exceptional wines, including a fine Grand M. trachet--a 1949, I guess.

During and after the meal, the Congo, Southern Rhodesia, Berlin and Cuba were discussed thoroughly, but without heat on either side. Home repeated what he had said on the trip down--HMG could and would do nothing to disturb the prospects of Sir Edgar Whitehead's reelection next March; otherwise his successor would

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